



What remains



3 0 1

Chapter 1 by Carolyn Donaldson

The smoke filled his nostrils as he struggled for breath, disoriented as he got his bearings back. Where was he? As the memories of the sound of an explosive detonating under their Stryker, His throat tightening as the thought of his friend Willy who was a seat on top, where was Willy? Where were Michaels, or Gonzales for that matter?

Then just like that he was snapped back to the here and now, the birds chirping, the winds soft breath in his face and his fishing pole in hand.

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